

A mournfull Dittie on the death of certaine Iudges
and Iustices of the Peace, and diuers other Gentlemen, who died
immediatly after the Assises, holden at Lincolne last past.

To the tune of Fortune.



Re counting griefes and dolours long tyme done,
Wherby blaznyng forth the danger none can shon,
Might seme a study altogether payne:
Yet outwardly woordes oft caleyth inward payne.

Then patiently my woefull tale attend,
Wherby sorrowe doth each seuerall per yod end:
And every woord a bitter sigh doth sound,
For those great plagues which we haue often found.

At Wyndesore first the iustest Iudge of all,
Our earthly Iudges first to count byd call:
And secondly at Wyndesore againe.
And last of all did Lincolne witnes plaine.

Holo so: for sinne the Lord offended was,
Holo so: for sinne his wrath from him did pas,
And holo so: sinne the president of our land,
Hath felt the force of his most heauie hand.

Come Shute I saie, make vp the number then,
Thou wo:thie Iudge among vntwo:thie men,
Thy godly zeale and wisdom plaine did show,
Thou wast too good for wretched men below.

Why sodaine death at Lincolne did wrought,
Remaines a terror to each seuerall thought,
Although with life thou didst from thence depart,
Yet there did sickness staie thy tender hart,

And like lament for Hollice may we make,
Whose life likewise most cruell death did take,
A vertuous man and Iustice of the peace,
Whom Cressus wealth cannot from graue release.

Copartner with these breathles persons here,
Lies maister Tyrwhite bound upon the bære,
Whiche life, how brittle is thy state,
And how vncertaine is thy small date.

And Littlebury, by birth a good Esquier,
Whose seruice then the lawe did well requier,
The foreman of a Furte there was he,
Whom death arrested with a deadly fee.

The skillfull Clarke which to the peace pertains,
That long in credit in the place remains,
Welby I saie, his name was called so,
Which at that place receiued a deadly blo.

For could graue Cauchron scape from cruel death,
Though likely long to harbor vitall breath:
His wit, his wisdom, and his sage aduice,
With life was lost and turned to a trice.

Where should I finde meete woordes for to expresse
Our inward woe, our griefe and heauines,
For Butlers death, a man of good degree,
And for the losse of many moze then hee.

Let this suffice that our eternall God,
In secret wisdom had prepared this rod,
For our examples that remaine behind,
To cleere our eyes that Sathean so did blind.

Thrice in this sort our Iudges haue bin slaine,
At thre Assises as is proued plaine,
And warning thre here in our eyes haue seene,
But moze then thre haue our offences beene.

Some iudge of this and some doe iudge of that,
Some speak and prate, and saie they know not what,
Then learne of Christ this lesson tolde to thet,
Iudge not at all, least that thou iudged be.

The cause hereof to God is onely known,
No cause at all by any man was shewen,
Yet without cause God neuer wrought the same,
As chiefest cause our selues our sinnes may blame.

And like as men by naturall descent,
From Adams loines to wicked sinne is bent,
So may I saie the Lawyer is not cleere,
From vile corruption while he liueth heere.

Then they as we must both with one accord,
Repent yur sinnes before the mightie Lord,
Least in his wrath a greater plague be sent,
Du sintie hearts, that would not once relent.

Uprightly deale with enerie pooze mans cause
Against the truth wryng not, nor weaste the lawes,
And haue a conscience in your common sees,
For God thou knowest all inward motions sees.

Let not your hearts with bribes polate your hands,
And by oppression do not enlarge your lands,
For cursed gold sell not your soules away,
A practice sound too common at this day.

Haue thou an eare vnto the wronged wight,
Despise not him that simple is in sight,
Do right and iustice vnto each degree,
Then in the end thou shalt most blessed bee.

And for our Quene of most exceeding fame,
Let vs desire in Iesus Christs name,
That God will still preserve her royall grace,
That she may runne a long and ioyfull race.

FINIS.

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